WHISPERS OF FATE

IT ALL STARTED GREAT, BUT ENDS IN PAIN

WRITTEN BY

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Whispers of Fate

Some stories are written in the stars, yet doomed long before the ink dries.
Ali never believed in love at first sight — until the day he saw her. Fatima, a younger teenage girl with a shy smile and eyes that seemed to carry both innocence and mystery, stepped into his life like a quiet sunrise. What began as fleeting glances soon turned into shared laughter, long conversations, and the kind of promises that feel unbreakable when hearts are young and hopeful.

They built a world together — a world of little moments that felt infinite: holding onto each other in crowded streets, talking until the night dissolved into dawn, and making silent vows that neither distance nor time could ever tear them apart. Ali cherished her like she was the rarest thing life could offer. Fatima, in her own way, held on too — until the cracks began to show.

As seasons changed, so did they. The laughter was slowly replaced by arguments, the warmth by cold silences. Between them grew shadows of manipulation, half-truths, and unspoken doubts. Love — once their greatest shelter — became a battlefield. Every promise they made seemed to dissolve under the weight of reality.

Ali had always thought love was enough to survive anything. But love, he learned, can also be the quietest way a soul can break. What once brought butterflies now left scars — on the heart, the mind, and the body.

This is not just a love story.
It is a story of devotion and destruction, of holding on when every reason tells you to let go, of learning that sometimes the people who promise forever are the ones who teach you the meaning of goodbye.

THE BEGINNING

Ali's POV

They say love at first sight is a lie.
That's just attraction. An illusion dressed in pretty colors.

But if that's true, then explain why I remember every single detail of the moment she walked into my life — the way sunlight spilled through the half-open window and wrapped around her like it had been waiting for her arrival, the quiet shuffle of her shoes against the floor, the barely-there scent of jasmine in the air that seemed to follow her.

05th September.
A date that was supposed to be just another ordinary day in my already repetitive life.
But she made it extraordinary without even trying.

She wasn't loud. She didn't demand attention. She simply *was* — and that was enough to shift the air around her. A pale scarf was pinned carefully under her chin, the fabric brushing against her cheek as she moved. Her books were clutched against her chest as though they were a shield from the world.

Her eyes met mine for less than a second.
But that second stretched like eternity.

Everything else — the chatter of classmates, the scrape of chairs, the faint hum of the ceiling fan — vanished into a distant blur.

I didn't fall in love right then. I know the difference between love and that first rush of curiosity.
But I felt something… a spark, a thread, a small voice inside me that whispered,

"*Pay attention.*"

Later that day, the teacher announced a group activity — an article for the class wallboard. He began pairing students, calling names one after the other.
And then, there it was.
"Ali and Fatima."

Our names written together, spoken together, like they belonged in the same breath.

We sat side by side. Her posture was straight, her eyes downcast. When she picked up the pen to write, I noticed her hand trembled slightly. Not in fear — more like she wasn't used to strangers noticing her. She avoided looking at me directly.

I leaned slightly closer, careful not to invade her space.
"Want to work on it together?" I asked softly.

She nodded once, without a word.

That was the first thread.
Thin, delicate, but strong enough to pull us closer.

One conversation. Then another. And then… we never stopped talking.

Fatima's POV

I've never believed in fate.
I'm the kind of person who plans. I make lists. I organize my days so life doesn't surprise me too much.
Love stories? Those belonged in novels, not in my life.

But nothing could have prepared me for that afternoon.

Ali.
A name I didn't know in the morning, but couldn't get out of my head by night.

He didn't walk into the room with a smile that begged for attention. He wasn't surrounded by noise or the kind of energy boys my age usually had.
No. He was… still.

Not the kind of stillness that feels empty — the kind that feels like a deep ocean, calm on the surface but holding storms underneath.

When we sat together to work on the article, I kept stealing glances.
His hands moved with precision, his pen strokes neat and steady.
The way he listened — as though every word I spoke was worth keeping — made me feel something unfamiliar.

And somehow, I trusted him.
I didn't even realize it until later that evening, when my phone became my weakness. I kept checking it, my thumb hovering over the screen, waiting for his name to light it up.

When it finally did, my heart betrayed me. I smiled like an idiot.

We talked for hours.
About childhood games.
About the people we'd lost.
About the dreams we still carried, even if they hurt to remember.

Somewhere in between, we laughed — the kind of laughter that makes your cheeks ache but you don't want to stop.

He made me feel seen. And that… that was rare.

Ali's POV – The Unexpected Field

It was one of those days that felt like it had been carved out of my schedule just to exist in my memory.

Her message came around mid-morning:

"I'm having my exams and I have told mom that I'll come home with my friends."

I genuinely joked:

"If you don't mind, I'll pick you up for a day!"

She replied:

“I’ll be really glad, meet me at 11 near my school gate.” I laughed to myself, but deep down I knew, I have to manage time.

So, I reached there… when she saw me, she was so please that she came running to me. Sat on my bike and said:

“let’s go before my friend sees me”

All the way till home, she was shivering out of being shy. She was exhausted of solving the math equations and was so nervous that she could hardly speak up. I dropped her off and casually went after my sister to pick her up.

Then… come their sport day.

After talking and flirting for a long time, she said:

“Our sports day is at the football stadium — you know the one you always talk about.”

The words pulled a smile out of me instantly. That stadium wasn’t just a place to me — it was a part of my story. The echo of cheers, the sting of cold wind against my face as I ran, the mud on my shoes, the fire in my chest before a big goal… I thought, *this is it. This is where she’ll see my world and I’ll step into hers.*

I was nervous — not the kind of nervous before a match, but the kind that makes your pulse unsteady because you’re about to see someone who matters more than you can admit.

And then another message arrived:
“Oops… sorry. It’s actually the hockey stadium.”

I laughed, but a small part of me felt the drop in my chest.
Still, I went.

When I saw her walking toward me, any disappointment dissolved. Her hair was tied back, a few loose strands falling against her face. Her cheeks flushed from the game, her eyes bright with that victorious glow.

She smiled like she'd been waiting for me all day.
I leaned against my bike, pretending to be composed, but inside, I was a mess.

We didn't play. We didn't run the field like I had pictured. But we talked — about her matches, her friends' over-the-top celebrations, and the tiny moments that made her day.

On that bike, driving her back, I realized something:
Sometimes when the plan changes, it makes room for something even better.

Fatima's POV – The Hockey Stadium

That morning, I woke up smiling. Not because of sports day, but because I knew Ali was coming.

I wanted him to see me as I was — not dressed up, not perfectly made-up — just me. Hair pulled back, face warm from the sun, hands still carrying the energy of the game.

When I realized I'd told him the wrong stadium, I panicked for a second. I knew how much the football stadium meant to him; he'd spoken about it like a living memory. I thought maybe he'd cancel. But he didn't.

When I walked out and saw him there, leaning against his car, eyes searching for me — I felt it. That silent understanding that said, *I'm here. For you.*

The drive wasn't filled with grand confessions. We talked about silly things. How the referee was too slow. How the water bottles ran out. The chaos, the laughter, the little victories.

I kept stealing glances at him, wondering if he knew that in that ordinary drive, he'd just claimed a piece of my heart.

Together

It wasn’t the perfect plan.
But it became the perfect moment.

In that car, with the world rushing past, Ali and Fatima weren’t just two strangers anymore. They were two hearts learning the rhythm of each other’s presence.

Love wasn’t in the stadium that day.
It wasn’t in the roar of the crowd.
It was in the quiet choice to show up — even when the place was wrong, the plan was ruined, and nothing matched the dream.

And though neither of them knew it then… this was the first whisper of fate.
A whisper that would one day turn into a storm.

October – A Month of Firsts

Ali's POV:

It was **1st October 2024** when I finally gathered the courage to ask her.

“Fatima, do you want to play Scrabble with me?” I said it like it was a casual question, like it didn’t matter. But inside, my heart was racing. My palms were sweating.

To my surprise, she agreed. Of course, she did.

But what shocked me more was the nervousness that seemed to take over her when she walked into the studio.

Her hands shook as she picked up the tiles. Every move she made seemed a little off, as if she was second-guessing herself. Her words stumbled, and her voice… It was soft. Almost shy.

I watched her, unable to stop the smile tugging at my lips. She was so innocent, vulnerable in a way I didn’t expect. She wasn’t just the confident, composed girl I had come to admire. She was so much more—fragile in the most beautiful way.

And in that moment, something shifted inside me. I didn’t want to see her nervous. I wanted to protect her, be the person who made her feel safe, who made her feel like she could be herself.

To break the tension, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a chocolate bar. “Here, have this,” I said, trying to sound casual.

The guys in the room noticed and started teasing me, laughing like they always did. But this time, I didn’t let it bother me. I shot back a few sharp words, and they backed off.

I wasn’t going to let them make fun of her—not when she was so genuine.

Fatima smiled shyly, her eyes softening in a way that made my heart swell. It wasn’t a confident smile. It was raw. Real.

And that was when I knew—*I could fall for her.*

The first voice chat came just a few days later.

It wasn't planned. We had been texting, but the conversation just… flowed naturally. Before I knew it, we were talking, and the minutes turned into hours.

Her voice, so warm, filtered through the phone. I could hear the faint sound of candles flickering in the background, adding to the intimacy of the moment.

Then, Fatima said something that caught me off guard.

"This is my first love, Ali," she whispered.

Her words hit me like a wave crashing against the shore. Her *first love*. My heart stilled. For a second, the world around me disappeared. It was almost like I was holding my breath.

I wasn't sure what to say. How could I respond to something so deep? She had entrusted me with something so fragile, and all I could do was let the moment sink in.

By **14th October**, everything between us had changed. We had spent so much time together, learning about each other, about the little quirks we each had, about our fears, and the dreams we held.

Fatima gave me a gift that day—something so simple, but so meaningful.

A few cards. They weren't expensive. They were just pieces of paper. But inside, they were filled with notes, kisses, and tenderness. The kind of tenderness that made me feel loved in a way I never thought possible.

She handed me chocolates too. And when she did, I could see her shyness. The way her eyes avoided mine, her hands trembling slightly as she offered the chocolates. She was so vulnerable in that moment, and yet it felt like she was offering me a piece of herself.

I had never felt so loved, so cherished in my life.

The next day, **15th October**, brought a new kind of intimacy. Fatima and I started feeding each other by hand.

It began with me handing her a chocolate bar. She hesitated, but eventually accepted it. And when it was her turn, she fed me. The act seemed small, but it felt like we were sharing something deeper—something beyond words.

It wasn't just about the chocolate or the act itself. It was about trust. A simple way of showing that we cared.

But **16th October** was a storm waiting to happen.

I had no idea what was coming.

Some girls in our class—two from Kabuli descent—thought there was something going on between us. They misunderstood everything. And the worst part was how much it seemed to bother Fatima. She didn't want to be seen as a distraction or make me look bad.

I didn't understand it at first. Why did it matter so much? Why did it hurt her to the point that she worried about *my reputation*?

I couldn't help but wonder: *What had I done to deserve someone like her? Why would she care so much about me?*

It scared me, honestly. This was moving so fast, and I was struggling to keep up with my own feelings.

Then came **17th October**. It was a day I'd rather forget.

I lost my temper. I wasn't proud of it. I slammed the door at the center. Fatima was there, witnessing it all. The look in her eyes, the fear, the uncertainty. I knew I had messed up.

She was scared. Her hands trembled, and her voice was shaky as she tried to talk to me.

I realized something in that moment. My anger wasn't just mine. It wasn't just my emotions. It affected her. She was the one who felt it too, and that hit me like a brick.

I didn't want to hurt her. I never wanted to.

A couple of days later, there was another incident that shook me to my core.

I made a joke. Fatima didn't laugh. Instead, she left me on "seen" for two days.

I was restless. The silence felt like it was suffocating me. I didn't know how to fix it. In my frustration, I did something stupid—I hurt myself, trying to feel the same pain I thought she was feeling.

But the next time we met, everything changed.

Fatima had punched the wall, her knuckle swollen, red, and bruised. She thought it was her fault. She thought she had hurt me, that her actions had caused me pain.

When I saw her hand, I felt my heart break into a thousand pieces. I gently took her hand, checking the injury, feeling the weight of her pain. She had hurt herself because of me.

That was the moment I realized—*this* was what real love felt like. It wasn't just about the sweet moments. It was about feeling the weight of someone else's pain, feeling the need to protect them, to make things right.

By **18th October**, I knew we had crossed a line. Things had become too complicated, too real. But Fatima was worth it.

Even though the fear gnawed at me, wondering if we could survive this, I was willing to find out.

On **21st October.** We had a small chocolate session. In my entire life, finally I was feeding someone with my hands. It was the best pleasure to ever being fed by the one who really cares about you.

"Say aah. Come on, why you're so shy? You're my princess, and it's my fantasy to feed you, to make you feel loved." I spoke

She had tears in her eyes while I was feeding.

“I’m never loved by someone the way you value me. I love you so much. I'm getting addicted to you, and everyday life is getting so boring. Even in school, I’m lost in thought to just get home and talk to you.” She said with tears in her eyes.

She was enjoying every bite of the bar as a small child. She even cried by stating;

“What if you leave?”

“Leave you?” I asked, *“I won’t leave you unless you make me.”*

On **25th October,** since the light had gone in the studio, I was sitting in the studio hoping for the light to come back since we had an important session. We chatted for hours until we got tired of waiting and headed towards our homes. Being like a gentleman, I held the door open for her, and in that process, I hand touched hers.

“What! What just happened? Did I touch her?” I questioned myself.

After setting her shoes in front of her feet, we left…

“I haven’t brought my bike, shall we a walk around since there’s short circuit, you may get bored,” I said.

“That sounds great. Let’s get to the other alley.” She replied

While walking, I noticed how adorable she is. *“Do I deserve her? Is this all a dream?”* Nobody knew what the future had in store for us.

Fatima’s POV:

1st October 2024.

I had never felt so nervous in my life.

Ali had asked me to play Scrabble. It sounded innocent enough, but my hands were shaking as I walked into his studio. Why was I so nervous? Was I overthinking this? I had no idea why this small thing seemed so big.

I couldn’t stop the trembling as I tried to pick up the tiles. My fingers fumbled, dropping them a few times. My voice… I could barely speak without stammering.

But then Ali smiled at me. It was a soft, reassuring smile that made my heart flutter. He didn't mock me for my nervousness. Instead, he handed me a chocolate bar.

"Here, have this," he said.

He was different. And for the first time, I felt like someone truly saw me. Not the confident version I showed the world, but the nervous, unsure side of me. I didn't have to pretend with him.

Later, in a voice chat, I told him something I never thought I'd say.

"This is my first love, Ali," I whispered.

Saying those words out loud made my heart pound in my chest. I wasn't ready for this. But somehow, with Ali, I felt safe enough to admit it. It was terrifying, yet freeing.

By **14th October**, I had given Ali a small gift—cards filled with little notes, kisses, and chocolates. I wasn't sure if it would mean much to him, but I wanted him to know how much he meant to me.

He had been so kind, so patient. I had never met anyone who truly understood me the way he did. The way he accepted my vulnerabilities made me feel loved in a way I never imagined.

The day we started feeding each other chocolates was simple, but it felt like something deeper was happening.

Every time he fed me, I felt like I was giving him a piece of my heart. And when I fed him back, I knew he was doing the same. It wasn't about the chocolates. It was about trust, about showing him that I cared in the smallest ways.

But **16th October** threw me off.

The rumors, the misunderstanding. I was so scared of what people thought. I didn't want to hurt Ali. I didn't want anyone to think badly of him.

It hurt me to see how much he didn't understand why I was so worried. But deep down, I knew it wasn't about the rumors. It was about the fact that I didn't want to lose him.

I cared about him so much. I was afraid of how deep this was getting.

And then came **17th October**.

I saw the anger in his eyes, the frustration that boiled over. I was terrified. The way he slammed the door… it felt like the world was breaking apart.

His anger scared me. I didn't want to be the cause of it. But when I saw his remorse, when I saw how he regretted what had happened, I knew that he was someone worth fighting for.

In the end, I knew this was real. I didn't know what the future held, but I was willing to fight for it. Fight for us.

THE STORY OF TWO DREAMS

I woke up in a place I couldn't quite recognize. The surroundings felt familiar, yet strange – as if I had been there before, but only in fragments of memory. Around me were people who looked strikingly similar to you and your entire family. I couldn't tell if it was a feast, a celebration, or just a normal gathering, but there I was, sitting with my grandpa, enjoying a meal there.

After we ate, I decided to drop my grandpa back home. It was a quiet ride. Once I reached his house, something pulled me back to yours. When I returned, her mom greeted me warmly.

"Why don't you stay the night?" she insisted. *"It's already late, and the weather's so cold."*

I hesitated for a moment, but she smiled and nodded as if she already knew my answer. So, I agreed.

I went to the quest room and lay down, wrapping myself in the blanket. A little while later, Fatima came in with her own blanket. Without a word, she lay down in the same room, though she kept a distance between.

The night was bitterly cold, and I shivered under the blanket, feeling the chill seep into my bones. Morning came, the sunlight dim but soft, and we found ourselves sitting together – Fatima, Muntazir, and I.

We talked about random things at first, but then the conversation shifted. I don't remember much how it began, but I do remember how it ended.

Fatima looked straight at me and said, "I didn't love you at all. I was just playing with your feelings. I don't love you – just look at yourself."

The words sliced through me like ice. I sat there for a moment, stunned, then quickly got up. My heart felt heavy, and without saying anything, I walked away.

Continue…

The scene dissolved and suddenly I was in a different place, a different timeline. This time, it was Saima – the girl from my high school I once had a crush on and even I proposed to years ago. In my dream, I saw her… but she had a child with her.

I couldn't tell if it was really her or my cousin – their faces looked so alike. Her mother was there too, and strangely, she resembled my aunt. The child was… drawn to me in a way I'd never experienced before. In the dreams, he couldn't even sleep without me.

One day, I came to their home. The baby was asleep, his tiny chest rising and falling softly. Her mom whispered to me

'He was crying so much before you came. But once he knew you were here, he stopped."

I smiled, then lay down beside the baby. The moment I did, he turned towards me, hugged me tightly, and murmured my name in his sleep. Saima watched, surprised.

A sudden knock came at the door. I got up to answer it – it was Saima's husband. Or rather… her ex-husband. In the dream, he had divorced her.

Later, I decided to marry her. She had no one else except me, and the baby, who had grown even more attached - seemed happiest when I was around.

Years passed in that dream, or maybe only months. We lived happily, sharing moments of laughter and love. But one day, she scolded me about something – I don't even know what it was. Her words were sharp, but her eyes… her eyes told a different story.

She really loved me

NOVEMBER – THE BLACK DRESS AND THE SCRABBLE

It was 4th November. The moment I walked into the room, I froze.

There she was – Fatima – in a black dress, looking like an absolute 10/10. I had never seen her in black before, and it made my heart skip.

I smirked, leaning a little closer.

"Careful, Fatima… you're going to make everyone jealous today."

She rolled her eyes but smiled faintly. *"Oh, please, it's a dress."*

I noticed she had blushed.

I shook my head. *"No… It's the dress. And it's dangerous."*

She laughed, brushing him off, but he couldn't stop stealing glances the entire day.

Then came **20th November** – a day that started normally but ended differently.

It began with a small misunderstanding, one of those moments where neither of us knew how things got heated. Words flew, frustration boiled, and before we knew it, we had walked away from each other – both hurt and confused.

Later, I heard she had been crying all day at school. That news hit me like a stone to the chest. I knew then… I had hurt her deeply.

The misunderstanding started at night when I requested her to lend me a day with me, but she refused. Later that day, after class, some of the boys went to another room to practice our Scrabble game. Aiman, Nehal, and Sakina wanted to join us for a Scrabble game. As they tried to enter the room, I, still annoyed, slammed the door – accidentally right in Aiman's face.

Fatima's face instantly changed. She stepped back.

"Seriously, Ali? Was that necessary?"

Without another word, she left for the studio.

In that room despite the insult, the stubborn Aiman along with her companions entered. And I kind of joked about myself. I told to the boys;

"I'm a hacker by passion, and I used to be a YouTuber as well."

I thought that it won't offend anyone and I left for studio.

Upon reaching there, I saw Fatima was sitting and waiting for me. There was nobody else in studio. Just she… lost in thoughts.

"Fatima…" I said softly. She didn't look up.

That's when I noticed she was hiding her hands.

"What's wrong with your hand?"

"Nothing."

"Fatima…" I gently reached out and took her hand. She hesitated, but let me see. Her knuckles were red and swollen.

"You punched a wall, didn't you?" I asked, eyes widening.

She looked away. *"Maybe I did."*

I sighed, holding her hand more carefully.

"You're impossible… do you have any idea what this does to me? Seeing you hurt like this?"

Her lips curved into a small smile.

"This is the first time you've held my hand, you know."

I smiled back faintly.

" And you've made it a memorable one… by injuring yourself."

She laughed softly, and for a moment, the tension faded.

As an apology, I later bought some snacks and drinks. When I handed them to her, she raised an eyebrow.

"Trying to bribe me into forgiving you?"

"If that's what it takes," I teased.

She took the food and sat beside me. The air felt lighter again. November passed quickly after that, filled with quiet gestures and moments that spoke more than words.

One day, she handed me a small chocolate. I tried to refuse, but she narrowed her eyes playfully. *"I'll see how you won't accept this."*

I chuckled, taking it.

"Fine. But stop buying me things, Fatima."

"Why? Scared you might start liking me more?" she teased.

"Too late for that," I whispered.

The studio became our little haven after academy hours – a place where we could talk freely, tease each other, and create memories that lingered long after the month ended.

The studio was quiet that evening, just the low hum of the heater and soft rustle of papers as we sat close, sharing snacks. The earlier tension between us had melted away, replaced by that familiar comfort that always came when we were alone together.

Fatima leaned forward, reaching for a biscuit from the packet in front of me. In doing so, her hands brushed against my thigh – not once, but thrice throughout our conversation. Each time it happened, it was unintentional, but for me, it was like a current of electricity running through my body.

I didn't say anything at first, just cleared my throat and tried to keep my voice steady as we kept talking.

"You, okay?" she asked after the third time, noticing my subtle pause.

I smirked slightly.

"Yeah… just… distracted."

She tilted her head with that innocent look.

“By what?”

” You really want to answer that?” I asked, leaning closer.

Her cheeks warmed, and she rolled her eyes. *“Shut up, Ali.”*

When it was time to leave, she walked ahead of me toward the door. I was watching her from behind – not in a creepy way, but with that little smile that came whenever she was just… being herself. Then, suddenly, her foot slipped on the stairs.

It happened so fast – she lost her balance, and I instinctively reached my hands out behind her, ready to catch her if she fell back. She steadied herself and laughed it off, completely unaware how close she had been to falling into my arms.

Later that night, I was at my uncle’s house, replaying the moment in my head. I decided to tease her about it over text.

“You know, if you had actually fallen into my lap today… I would have died.”

“Oh, really? And why Is that?” she replied.

“Because of your weight.” I laughed.

I sent it with a grin, expecting her to fire back with a witty comeback. Instead… silence. No typing bubble, no reply.

Minutes passed, and I felt a knot forming in my stomach. The electricity went out, plunging the house into darkness, but it wasn’t the lack of light that bothered me – it was the empty chat screen.

I kept staring at my phone, cursing under my breath.

” Idiot… why would you say that? It was just a joke, but still…”

When the electricity returned, a new message lit up my screen.

Fatima: “Your text reminded me of my past… when people used to tease me about my weight. That’s why I cried.”

My heart sank. I quickly typed back.

“Fatima… no, no, no. I didn’t mean it like that. I’m so sorry. I was just teasing you; you know me.”

She replied by

“I know… but it still hurts.”

I paused for a moment.

“You’re perfect to me. I swear, I wouldn’t change a single thing about you.”

“Stop. You’re saying that.” Fatima replied.

“Say what? That you’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen? That you make my mornings worth waking up for?” I flirted to get off the track.

There was a pause… and then a small heart emoji appeared on my screen.

That night, like always, we woke up early – 6 a.m. sharp – just to talk. It had become our little routine. Every single day, without fail, we spoke from the moment we opened our eyes until we closed them again at night.

Morning Call

Ali: *“Good morning, Darling.*

Fatima: *“Morning, Hubby… I was just thinking & dreaming of you.”*

Ali: *“Was it one of the cute dreams or… the other kind?”*

Fatima: *“The naughty kind. Want me to describe it?”*

Ali: *“If you do, I’m skipping breakfast.”*

She laughed that soft giggle that always made my chest warm.

Fatima: *“You’re such a pervert sometimes.”*

Ali: *“Only for you.”*

She got ready for school, sharing some of her pics and sweet good bye messages. Till evening…. Waiting for her return.

Evening

We texted between bites of food, tossing cheesy lines back and forth.

Fatima: *"If you were a fruit, you'd be a fine apple."*

Ali: *"If you were a vegetable, I'd still visit you every day in the hospital."*

Fatima: *"That's… actually really sweet."*

Ali: *"Sweet? I can be sweeter."*

Fatima: *"Prove it."*

Ali: *"Come over and I'll feed you chocolates."*

Fatima: *"You just want to see me again."*

Ali: *"Guilty."*

Night Call

It was late, but neither of us could sleep. We were both lying in bed, phones pressed to our ears.

Ali: *"You know I've been thinking about that day you slipped."*

Fatima: "Don't start."

Ali: *"What? I was just going to say… I'm glad you didn't fall. Because if you had, I would've caught you and never let go."*

Fatima: *"How would you catch me… if I had fallen, I would have smashed my forehead as I tripped forward…"*

There was a pause, I could almost hear her smile through the silence.

Fatima: *"How am I so lucky to have you?"*

Ali: *"You always have me by your side."*

it was just a couple of those days, but those days were us – laughter, teasing, apologies, and the kind of closeness where even our silence delt like conversations. We were each other's first thought in the morning and last thought

before sleeping. And somewhere in between the jokes, the playful lines, and the heartfelt talks… we had become each other's everything.

December – The Red Zone & The Silver Rings

It was a cold December night when Fatima slipped out of her room, her phone clutched tightly in her hand. She'd only meant to grab a glass of water, maybe exchange a few quick messages with Ali while everyone was busy in their own worlds. The kitchen light cast a pale glow across the hallway, her bare feet making the faintest sound on the floor tiles.

But fate had other plans.

Just as she leaned against the counter, reading Ali's teasing text and preparing her witty reply, her uncle appeared from behind the fridge's shadow. His voice came sharp and sudden.

"Fatima! Who are you talking to at this hour?"

Startled, she fumbled with her phone, but it was too late. He'd seen enough – her rapid thumb movements, the small, guilty smile she couldn't hide.

Before she could answer, he marched her straight into the living room, where her grandmother sat watching TV,

"You see this?" her uncle said to the old woman.

"She's standing there, messaging someone in the middle of the night like it's a market!"

Fatima felt the heat rise to her cheeks, her heart pounding.

"It's nothing like that," she tried to say, but her uncle's lecture rolled on, firm and public.

The next day, Fatima walked into the studio, her scarf wrapped a little tighter, her expression a mix of embarrassment and determination. I noticed instantly.

"What happened, Fatima? You look… I don't know… red-zoney," I asked, leaning closer with concern.

She rolled her eyes, half amused, half frustrated.

“Red zone exactly. Uncle caught me last night… while I was texting you.” She explained everything in a hushed tone – the kitchen, the water, the interrogation in front of her grandma.

I winced. *“Oof… that’s a solid strike from the uncle department.”*

“Yeah” she sighed*, “So I might have to talk less for a bit. Limited time only. Like… one of those trial versions you get on apps.”*

I laughed. *“Wow, so now I have to value every second I get with you. Guess I’m going to be speaking at double speed.”*

She grinned despite herself, and soon they were sharing quiet jokes between work. Small, stolen moments.

Around noon, Muntazir arrived at the studio, looking for her.

“Keys to home?” he asked casually.

Fatima handed them over. He left as quickly as he came. After that, both Fatima and I closed our laptops, packing up for the day.

“Alright, limited-time girl, goodbye.” I teased as we stood near the door.

She smirked. *“Goodbye, fast-talking boy.”*

We walked out together; her mood visibly lifted after my comforting words. On her way home, she kept catching herself smiling – wide, unstoppable grins that made her neighbors raise their eyebrows. Later that evening, she texted him:

Fatima: everyone’s looking at me like I’m crazy. I can’t stop smiling.

Ali: maybe you should… but actually, no. keep smiling. It suits you.

Days passed, and with the tension slightly eased, I decided to surprise her. One chill afternoon, I placed an order – a pair of silver rings. One for her, one for him something simple, but meaningful.

The parcel arrived when I was a t academy. My mom received it.

When I got home, she was standing Infront of me in the living room, the package opened, the female ring already on her finger.

"What's this?" she asked, raising her hand do the ring caught the light. *"Did you… order this?"*

My mind raced. *"Uh… yeah… it came in a pair. I only wanted the male one but, you know… they sell them together."*

Her eyebrow arched. *"So, you just ordered both? And… you don't have a girlfriend, right?"*

I gave the most casual shrug I could muster.

"Right… no girlfriend."

She didn't look convinced, but she said nothing more – for now.

A few days later, mom got her answer herself. She had gone through my phone – maybe curiosity, maybe suspicion – and there it was: the messages, the voice notes, the pictures Fatima had sent to me. The truth was no longer a secret.

I returned home that day to her waiting in the lounge.

"Sit down," she said firmly.

"Who's this girl?"

My heart sank. *"She's just a friend."*

"Friend? I've heard your voice notes. I've seen the way you talk to her. Do friends send each other this many hearts?"

The questioning began, sharp and relentless. I was dragged into a full-blown interrogation about my choice, my intentions, my secrecy.

But before things could get too heated, my sister stepped in.

"Mom, I know her," she said quickly.

" She's from our school. She… well, she's a bit obsessed with Ali. Total psychopath type. Ali doesn't like her like that."

I kept my face neutral, thankful for the lifeline. Mom's suspicion didn't completely vanish, but she eased off. For the moment.

After that day, I became more careful. I locked certain apps, hid others entirely. Mom's suspicion lingered, but it didn't stop Fatima and I from finding ways to talk, to share moments, to keep our communication alive.

We were two people in a complicated web of watchful eyes, yet every obstacle seemed to make them only more determined to stand by each other.

And so, December became one of those months – the kind you remember not just for its challenges, but for the little rebellions, the quiet laughter, the silver rings and the unspoken promise:

We're still here, and we're not letting go.

Found Again

The farewell party at the academy was alive with chatter, laughter, and the warmth of shared memories. The air buzzed with excitement, and the aroma of platters filled the space as I ensured that everyone was well-fed. Thirteen platters lined the tables, a testament to the effort I had put into making the event special. And then, just as I was adjusting the sleeves of my blazer, she walked in.

Fatima

She entered like a quiet storm, dressed in a black short dress with a black shirt, adorned with delicate floral prints. A beige veil draped over her head, framing her face in a way that made me forget how to breathe. My fingers, which had been idly tapping against the table, froze mid-motion.

For a moment, the crowd blurred. The music faded. All I could see was her. She didn't have to say a word – her presence alone was enough to shake me. A small smirk played on her lips as she caught me staring. I quickly looked away, but my heart was already racing. Throughout the night, every time she was near, I felt an overwhelming sense of ease, of wholeness. Even as I sat for dinner, the conversations around me turned into mere background noise. I barely touched my food; my eyes constantly drifted toward **Fatima,** who sat across the table, chattering away while eating.

She spoke animatedly, gesturing with her fork, her eyes lighting up with excitement over some story she was telling. I, however, wasn't listening. I was too caught up in her – the way her lips curved when she spoke, the way her fingers twirled around the edge of her plate, the plate the soft glow of the lights reflecting off her skin.

She was here. With me. My wife. For the longest time, I had thought I had lost her, lost the feeling of completeness. But now, looking at her, I knew I had found it again. Found her. She paused mid-sentence, catching my gaze. For a moment, our surroundings didn't matter. We weren't surrounded by people. It was just two of us, lost in the silence of stolen glances. Fatima raised an eyebrow playfully,

nudging her plate forward as if inviting me to eat. I simply smirked, shaking my head. I was already full–full of her presence, full of this moment.

Later that evening, the girls disappeared into another room, giggling and whispering among themselves. They were playing **Truth and Dare.**

It wasn't long before the game turned interesting. The bottle spun, the dares grew bolder, and the room filled with amused gasps and laughter. Then came **Fatima's turn.**

She sat cross-legged on the floor, her fingers playing with the hem of her dress as she listened to the challenge. ***"Reveal your crush."*** Someone dared. The room fell silent, eyes turning to her expectantly.

For a moment, Fatima didn't speak. Her finger stilled, her gaze flickering ever so slightly before she let out a small chuckle.

"I'll skip this one," she said smoothly.

A collective groan filled the room, followed by a series of playful protests. But Aiman only smiled knowingly, as if she already had the answer.

Meanwhile, in the room celebration continued. Two girls took over the floor, dancing to the music, their energy infectious. Fariha and others were deep into their dares, the night unfolding with a mixture of laughter and thrill.

I, ever the thoughtful one, slipped away briefly and returned with a tray of ice creams for refreshments. But before heading back, I made sure to grab a small chocolate bar just for Fatima.

I knew her well- too much sugar would make her dizzy, but a little treat wouldn't hurt.

As I handed out the ice creams, I walked toward the other room, knowing exactly who I was looking for. And just as I expected, Fatima was there, sitting among her friends, her laughter like music. Without a word, I extended the small chocolate bar towards her.

She blinked in surprise before a soft smile spread across her lips. No words were spoken, but in that small gesture, everything was said.

She reached out, fingers brushing against mine ever so briefly as she took the chocolate. And in that fleeting moment, I knew – I had found my heart again.

January - A Breakthrough in Understanding

Event: The chill of January lingered in the air, but I felt an unexpected warmth inside as I made my way to the studio to meet Fatima. In the weeks since the tensions had settled after earlier arguments, I had spent countless hours reflecting on myself, on my relationship, and on the man, I was becoming. The questions that had once plagued my mind now seemed less important, and the uncertainty that used to eat me was being replaced with a sense of clarity.

Fatima, too, seemed different. In the few short months that we had been together, she had grown alongside me, just as I had tried to grow beside her. There was a calmness to her, an unspoken strength that came from navigating the turbulence of early days. As I entered the studio, I saw her sitting by the desk, her back to me, deep in thought. The soft glow of the evening sun framed her perfectly, and for a brief moment, I was struck by just how beautiful she was.

"Hey," I said, my voice soft but filled with affection as I approached her.

"You look lost in thought."

Fatima smiled as she turned to face me, her eyes holding the same warmth I had fallen in love with.

"Just thinking," she said.

"I've been thinking about us, about how much we've changed since we first met."

I sat down beside her, my heart opening in a way it hadn't in weeks. I could feel the walls I'd been building around my heart slowly crumble.

"I've been thinking about that too," I said, my voice filled with the vulnerability I had been hiding for so long.

"I used to be so scared. Scared that you'd leave me, scared that I wasn't enough. But I don't feel that way anymore."

Fatima's expression softened, and she placed a gentle hand on mine.

"What changed?" she asked, her voice a mix of curiosity and tenderness.

"I think I finally understand what love is. It's not just about the good moments, the perfect days when everything feels easy. It's about trusting each other, even when

things aren't perfect. It's about knowing that, no matter what, we'll always choose each other."

Fatima looked at me for a moment, as though processing my words.

"I think I've always known that," she said, squeezing my hand. "But when you love someone, it's hard to see it clearly sometimes. You get caught up in your own fears and doubts. I think... I think I've been afraid too. Afraid of not being enough, of you realizing that I have my own flaws."

I looked at her, my gaze steady. *"We don't have to be perfect, Fatima. We just have to be real with each other."*

Her smile returned, warm and knowing. *"I love you, Ali,"* she said softly. *"And that's all I need to know."*

Ali's POV: As I sat there with her, I realized that this wasn't just a moment of clarity. It was a breakthrough. I had always been afraid—afraid that I wasn't enough, that I would lose her—but now I understood that love wasn't about never feeling doubt. It was about facing those fears together, about knowing that we could build something real, something lasting. In that moment, I wasn't the boy who feared losing everything. I was the man who had already found everything he needed.

Fatima's POV: It felt like a weight had lifted off my chest. For so long, I had been scared—scared of not being good enough for him, scared of all the things I couldn't control. But in that moment, I saw Ali for who he truly was: not the perfect man, but the one who was willing to grow, to change, and to fight for us. And that, to me, was enough. It was everything.

Moral: Love is not about being perfect for each other. It's about accepting each other's flaws and growing together. The breakthrough comes when both partners realize that love isn't about never facing challenges, but about facing them side by side.

January 20th - Confrontation with the Past

Event: On the evening of January 20th, I had arranged to meet my childhood friend, Muhammad, at our usual café. The two of us had been inseparable during our school years, but over time, our paths had diverged. Muhammad had grown

distant after I began my relationship with Fatima. I'd never said it outright, but I could feel a certain coldness in my friend's attitude.

As we sat down across from each other, I noticed the tension that had always lingered between us. Muhammad wasn't just distant; he seemed uncomfortable, almost resentful. we made small talk for a few minutes, but I could tell something was off. Finally, Muhammad looked at me with a serious expression.

"Ali," Muhammad began, his voice cautious,

"I don't want to come across as rude, but... I've been noticing something. Ever since you started this relationship with Fatima, you've been different. You've been... different in a way that I don't think is healthy."

I was taken aback by my friend's bluntness. I didn't know how to respond at first. *"What do you mean by different?"* I asked, trying to keep my voice neutral.

"You've changed, man. You're always thinking about her, always putting her first. I've lost the Ali I knew—the one who had ambitions, who had a clear direction in life. Now, it's like you're just following her around, letting her make the decisions for you. I don't want to see you lose yourself."

Ali's POV: Muhammad's words hit me harder than I expected. I had always prided myself on being independent, on knowing exactly what I wanted in life. But now, with Fatima, I realized I had let myself be swept up in something that was beyond my control. Had I really changed? Was I losing myself?

"I'm not losing myself," I said, trying to steady my voice. "*But maybe I've learned that it's okay to care about someone more than my own ambitions. Maybe love is about compromise, about choosing someone else just as much as you choose yourself."*

Muhammad didn't seem convinced, but he didn't argue. Instead, he just nodded and took a deep breath.

"I just don't want you to forget who you are, Ali. Don't let anyone, even Fatima, make you lose sight of your own goals."

Fatima's POV: When Ali told me about his conversation with Muhammad, I could see how much it had affected him. He looked shaken, unsure of himself. I knew

that he had always been fiercely independent, that he had always prided himself on being in control. But now, the one thing that had always made him feel insecure—his sense of self—was being challenged.

I could see the pain in his eyes as he spoke about Muhammad's words.

"What if Zain's right, Fatima?" he asked, his voice filled with doubt.

"What if I've lost myself in this relationship? What if I'm not the same person I used to be?"

I reached for his hand and squeezed it tightly. *"Ali,"* I said softly,

"Being with me doesn't mean losing yourself. It means growing. You're still the same person—the one I fell in love with. You're not losing anything. You're just... changing. And that's okay."

Moral: Sometimes, the people closest to us may challenge our decisions, but true growth comes from balancing love with personal development. Relationships don't have to make you lose yourself; they should help you grow into the person you're meant to be.

January 25th - The Fight

Event: It was inevitable. After weeks of closeness, of understanding each other's hopes and dreams, there was a breaking point. The weight of their individual struggles had begun to take its toll. Ali had been under immense pressure from his family to pursue a career path that felt more stable, while Fatima had been mourning the death of her grandfather. They both carried too much, and it wasn't long before the frustration came pouring out.

"I don't understand why you're always so busy with work, Ali! It's like you're pushing me away!" Fatima had exclaimed, her voice rising with frustration.

"I'm not pushing you away!" I retorted, my voice strained.

"I'm just trying to keep everything together! You have no idea how much pressure I'm under right now, Fatima."

"You never let me in, Ali!" Fatima shouted back, tears welling in her eyes.

"I'm here, but you're so consumed with everything else that you don't even see me anymore."

Ali's POV: In that moment, I saw the anger in her eyes, but I also saw the hurt. I had failed her—not because I didn't love her, but because I had been too focused on my own problems to see that she was struggling too. I realized then that love wasn't just about supporting each other when things were easy. It was about being there when everything felt like it was falling apart.

Fatima's POV: As I stood there, my chest tight with frustration, I realized something too. Ali was doing his best, but I had been holding my own pain inside. I had been so focused on my grief, on my fear of losing him, that I had forgotten to share those feelings with him. We were both struggling, and we both needed to be there for each other. Not just in the good times, but in the bad ones too.

Moral: Fights in relationships are often born from unspoken pain. It's not the arguments that matter, but how we hear from them. True intimacy is found when we allow ourselves to be vulnerable and honest, even when it hurts.

February – The Month of Love

Event: As the days passed, Ali and Fatima grew closer again, but their bond was different now. They had learned how to fight and make up, how to deal with their struggles together.

On February 1st, after another long day, Fatima and I sat in the studio once more, our usual sanctuary. But this time, I seemed different. There was an unfamiliar sadness in my eyes, something that I wasn't willing to share before. Fatima noticed the shift immediately.

"Ali," she said gently, her voice filled with concern, "What's wrong? You've been so quiet lately."

I looked at her, my face filled with a raw vulnerability that I had never shown before. I took a deep breath and finally let the words spill out.

"I'm scared, Fatima. I'm scared that I'm not good enough for you. That one day, you'll realize that... I can't give you everything you deserve."

My words hit her like a ton of bricks. She had always seen me as strong, but now she saw the fragility that had been hidden beneath my tough exterior.

Fatima's POV: In that moment, I saw Ali not just as the man I loved, but as someone who was scared, someone who was carrying burdens he hadn't shared. And it hurt me to see him like this. But I also knew that it was in this moment of vulnerability that we could truly connect. I could see the weight he was carrying, and it broke my heart.

"You're more than enough for me, Ali," I whispered, my voice steady and warm. *"You've always been enough. Don't ever doubt that."*

Moral: Vulnerability is not a weakness—it's a strength. Only by allowing ourselves to be truly seen can we create deeper, more authentic connections with those we love.

15th February: A Day to Remember

The sun had barely stretched across the sky when Paragon Educational Academy (PEA) came alive with excitement. Banners swayed gently in the crisp February breeze, the air thick with the scent of freshly printed certificates and the distant aroma of tea wafting from the outdoor cafeteria. It was a monumental day-PEA's Silver Jubilee and 16th Anniversary, a celebration of years dedicated to education, passion, and growth. I adjusted my blazer as I entered the academy's grand main gate, the sound of chatter and laughter surrounding me. The campus was dressed in hues of red, yellowish, and white, complementing the historic day. But all the grandeur of the event faded into the background when **Fatima** entered.

She stepped in with an effortless grace, the sunlight catching the soft waves of her veil, her presence turning my head. Dressed elegantly, she exuded a quiet confidence, but to me, she was a vision beyond words. My heart skipped a beat, and for a moment, I forgot to breathe. The world blurred, and all I could see was her.

Our eyes met-just for a second, but enough for an unspoken dialogue. Fatima tilted her head slightly, acknowledging my gaze with a subtle smile, and I felt a rush of warmth crawl up my spine. My lips curled into a smirk before I looked away, pretending to adjust my cuff. It was a game we played-silent conversations with lingering glances, stolen moments hidden in plain sight.

Inside the grand hall, the stage was set. The debaters took their positions, each delivering impassioned speeches, their voices echoing through the auditorium.

The audience sat mesmerized, the rhythmic applause between performances filling the air. Then came the dancers-vibrant, synchronized, and full of energy. Their movements painted stories, and the entire hall buzzed with admiration. The highlight of the event was the prize distribution ceremony. The judges, after much deliberation, compiled the results, their expressions betraying the difficulty of their decision. The Chief Guest, along with other esteemed guests, stood at the podium, presenting awards to the most deserving participants. Cheers erupted,

names were called, and smiles spread across faces as winners proudly accepted their prizes.

But amidst all the celebration, my focus drifted back to **Fatima**.

Seated across the hall, she rested her chin on her hand, her gaze sweeping over the crowd, only to land on me. A flicker of amusement danced in her eyes before she winked-quick, playful, and entirely intentional. I barely managed to suppress a grin. I shifted to my seat, tapping my fingers on my thigh in mock nonchalance, but I could feel my heart hammering in my chest.

The event concluded with a standing ovation, and soon the guests spilled out into the open space outside the main hall. The aroma of snacks and warm tea filled the evening air. The cafeteria was bustling, offering a space for conversations, laughter, and unwinding after the grand event.

I spotted **Fatima** standing near the cafeteria with her brother and her friend (Fariha). The soft glow of the lights cast a golden hue over them. As I approached, she turned slightly and laughed, our gazes locking once more. Without a word, she lifted her cup of tea and took a slow sip, her lips curving upwards as if sharing a secret only the two of us understood. I raised an eyebrow mirroring her smile, and then casually ran a hand through my hair, feigning composure.

A gust of wind played with the loose strands of her dress, and instinctively, she tucked her hair behind her ears. The simple gesture was so natural, so unintentional, yet it sent a flutter through my chest. No word was spoken; none were needed. Under the canopy of the evening sky, amidst the chatter and clinking cups, a silent story unfolded between them-woven through smiles, glances, and the electric pull of two hearts drawn together in an unspoken dance.

Later when she arrived home, she was having pain in her feet left by wearing heels which though from far, I offered a massage as a sign of care and love for her. The day ended with memories… laughter and never-ending support for each other.

The Main protagonist, **Ali**, died out. It was hard for him to accept reality that her girl left him, So the story is continued…. By his friend

Muhammad

The Confrontation with Ali

The weight of the information from Ali lingered in Fatima's mind, but she couldn't bring herself to confront Ali right away. She needed time to process everything, to figure out how she felt about the truth she had just learned.

But as the days passed, the tension between them grew. Their conversations became strained, their once-easy moments of laughter now replaced by awkward silences. Fatima couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong, and the nagging doubt in her heart gnawed at her.

One evening, as they met at their usual spot, Fatima couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Ali," she began, her voice trembling slightly

"I need to know the truth. What happened in your past? My uncle has heard things, and I can't ignore them anymore."

Ali's expression changed in an instant. His eyes darkened, and he clenched his fists, but he didn't look away from her. He could see the pain in her eyes, and it hurt him more than he cared to admit.

"I never wanted to keep secrets from you, Fatima," he said quietly. "But there are things about my past that I'm not proud of. Things I've done… mistakes I can never undo."

Fatima swallowed hard, her voice barely a whisper.

"I need to know, Ali. I need to understand what's going on. I love you, but I can't keep going without knowing everything."

Ali sighed deeply, running a hand through his hair.

"I grew up in a tough environment, Fatima. My father… he made some choices that affected my entire life. I tried to break free from that, but the damage was

already done. I did things I regret, things I thought would bring me peace, but all they did was pull me further into darkness."

Fatima felt a pang in her chest, but she didn't look away.

"But you've changed, Ali. You're not that person anymore."

Ali nodded slowly, his voice raw.

"I've tried to change, but the past doesn't let go easily. I want to build a better future with you, but I know it won't be easy."

Fatima reached out, taking his hand in hers.

"I don't care about your past. What matters is who you are now. And who you want to be."

The conversation with Ali wasn't easy, but it was the turning point they both needed. Fatima had learned the truth about Ali's past, but instead of pushing him away, she chose to stand by his side.

As they sat together, the weight of the world seemed to lift from their shoulders. They had faced the truth together, and now, they could move forward.

"Promise me you'll never keep anything from me again," Fatima whispered, her fingers intertwined with his.

"I promise," Ali replied, his voice firm. "We'll face everything together."

And for the first time in a long time, Fatima truly believed him.

Ramadan Nights

The month of Ramadan had made the main street glow their lanterns, fairy lights, and the fragrance of food stalls. People came to spend time with family, shop, and laugh together. But for Ali, his stall wasn't just about business. It was his excuse to be there every night, waiting for her.

Every night Fatima would come-sometimes with friends, sometimes alone-pretending to be just another costumer. But only both knew, that the stall was theirs. Their little corner in chaos of Ramadan.

One night, when she came, Muntazir had just finished joking about Ali.

“Yaar, why is he always so serious? Does he even know how to smile?”

He laughed shaking his head, but the moment he saw her approaching, his world stopped. Fatima walked towards the stall, her eyes flicking around nervously before landing on his. She orders fruit salad, and he quickly filled a box for her.

When she tried to hand him money, he shook his head.

“Not from you.”

Her brows arched. *“What do you mean not from me? Everyone pays.”*

“Everyone else,” he said, smiling. *“Not you. Everything I have is already yours.”*

Her lips parted, stunned for a second, before she chuckled softly. *“You are crazy.”*

Later that night she texted:

“You know, when I came to take the salad, I saw a girl looking at you. I rolled my eyes hard, and then I saw Sadaf peeking at you… like why the fuck is she after my baby?”

Ali replied instantly:

‘Because she doesn’t know I already belong to someone else.’

She sent a laughing emoji, followed by:

‘And don’t forget… I can fight for what’s mine.’

That evening he was more cautious. Too many eyes, too much noise. He didn’t talk much to her as she was with her mom, just handed over what she wanted and avoided her gaze.

As they walked out, she slowed down beside her mom. *“Why are you being so quiet?”*

“I just don’t want people to notice…” he muttered.

She leaned closer, whispering in that teasing tone,

“Let people know… you are afraid as if we are in a haram relation.”

He stopped in his tracks, heart racing. She burst into laughter, walking ahead.

"Immature…" he whispered to himself, smiling like an idiot.

Next night

The night was calmer. She lingered at the stall, playing with a strawberry stick in her hand.

"Hayee Janeman…" she began softly, glancing at him with mischief in her eyes. *"You know what I want?"*

"What?" he asked, leaning closer.

"I want us to be together till I turn 18. So, I can legally marry you."

He raised a brow. *"So, madam is already planning our wedding?"*

She giggled. *"Of course. Who else will? And you better not dare run away before then."*

He smirked, brushing his hand lightly against hers on the counter.

"Even if the world tries, I'm not leaving. You're stuck with me forever."

Her cheeks turned pink, and she whispered, *"Good. Because I can't stand the thought of anyone else."*

Before Eid

A week before Eid, he couldn't resist. He bought her small things: mehndi, a pair of earrings, a cute little hair bow. Nothing huge-because she had told him,

"Even sneaking these in will be risky. Mom will question me."

So, he kept it simple. But for her, those little gifts carried everything he felt.

When he gave her the packet secretly, four days before Eid, she hid it in her Dupatta and looked at him with shinning eyes.

"You're impossible, you know that?"

"And you're mine, you know that," he whispered back.

Fariha's Tease

One night, while she stood near the stall, Fariha walked by and smirked.

"Giving your sister free stuff?" she asked sarcastically, pointing at Fatima, then walked off.

Fatima burst out laughing, and he joined in.

"Sister, huh?" he teased, nudging her shoulder.

She covered her mouth, giggling. *"Stop… if I'm your sister, then who's your girlfriend?"*

He leaned closer, whispering, *"You. You're everything… sister, best friend, girlfriend, wife… all in one."*

Her laughter turned into a blush. *"Cheesy! Too cheesy!"*

Nights Before Eid

She texted him:

'Help me pick my mehndi design.'

They browsed through simple patterns until she said,

'I want your name hidden in it.'

His heart melted. He grabbed a paper and scribbled a signature-style **NU.**

"Use this. That way, no matter where you go, I'll be right there in your hands."

She replied instantly, 'You're insane. But I love it.'

Eid Night

She rushed to him after applying her mehndi, her hands stretched out proudly.

"Look! It's so dark!" she said breathlessly.

He glanced at her palms, spotting the **NU** hidden perfectly. His chest swelled with pride.

"You know what they say." He whispered. "The darker the mehndi, the stronger the love."

Her eyes sparkled. *“So, you really love me that much?”*

He grinned. *“More than you’ll ever know. Even if I had to write my whole name across your arms. It wouldn’t be enough.”*

She blushed furiously, hitting his arm. *“Shut up! People will hear you!”*

He teased, leaning closer, *“Let them hear. They should know you’re mine.”*

Eid Morning

He woke up late, exhausted from working at the stall. And his phone buzzed with her messages.

“Wake up, baby, see your wifey pics.”

When he opened them, he froze. She looked breathtaking-dressed in her Eid outfit, smiling like sunshine.

He texted back, *“Outfit check… you’re looking gorgeous.”*

She replied instantly, *“Cheesy. But you passed.”*

He smirked, *“When are we doing a couple outfit check, hmm?”*

“Shut up! Not here,” she texted back, but he could feel her smile through the screen.

Even during Eid, he worked. But every night, they made time for each other. She told him about her family visits, the food, the laughter. And he told her how even in the busiest crowd, he only waited for her.

The Birthday Plan

Her birthday was on the 1st April, the same day as Eid. He wanted to surprise her. He bought a cake, and planned a safe little meeting.

“Bring Nehal with you,” he told her. *“And I’ll bring Muhammad.”*

When we arrived at the spot, there they were-**Fatima & Nehal,** waiting by the door. His heart skipped at the sight of her standing there, her veil covering her beauty.

But the place was full.

"Too crowded," she said flatly.

"Then let's go to Book café," Ali suggested.

Her eyes widened. *"Book Café? Are you crazy? I told my mom I'll be back in half an hour. I can't."*

He got so uncomfortable as many people were surrounding the alleyways. He said, *"Okay, then, sorry for calling you… We are heading home."*

She rolled her eyes, crossing her arms*. "Fine then, go…"* she talked angrily.

In the end, the meeting ended there. We didn't cut the cake; we didn't celebrate the way he imagined. But the way she stood there, waiting for us, was enough.

That Ramadan, That Eid… it wasn't about money, or clothes, or even gifts.

It was about her mehndi with his name, her photos that made his heart stop, her laughter that made him forget the world.

It was the first Eid he was truly happy because he had someone to call mine.

Continue…

The night of 4th April had a different energy to it. His heart was racing, palms a little sweaty, but there was also a strange calm-because finally, after months of waiting, it was happening. Their first video call.

When the screen lit up and her face appeared, his entire world stopped for a second. She smiled shyly and he couldn't help but grin like a fool.

"Listen…" he leaned a little closer to the camera, his voice low and certain.

"Even if I get better options, fuck them all. I don't need them. I only need you. You're not a useless fellow, nor were you ever. You're my baby and you'll always be, no matter what. I really love you and I'll keep loving you till my last breath." She replied after Ali said his thoughts.

His eyes softened, and she could see them glistering even through the screen. She tucked her hair behind her ear and whispered, *"You're crazy, you know that?"*

"Crazy for you," he shot back with a smirk, making her laugh, her simple flashing the dimple that had already become his favorite sight.

After the call ended, she stayed smiling, unable to wipe it off her face. She walked out of her room. Humming under her breath, almost floating. Mom noticed it instantly while she was on the phone with Dad. She paused, narrowed her eyes at me, and said, *"Did something happen to you? Like a miracle? Why are you so over the moon?"*

She laughed, rubbing the back of her neck. *"Nothing, mom… maybe just a miracle, yes"*

She raised her brows, suspicious, but Fatima couldn't care less. Because tonight, she'd seen the face of the boy who made her heart race, and that was more than a miracle-it was everything.

5th April – The Storm After the Call

The day after their first video call should have been all smiles, all butterflies. But fate had something else waiting.

That evening, Ali was scrolling through stories when he noticed one from Fatima. Out of curiosity, he took a screenshot and zoomed in to read the tiny words. At first, it looked harmless-just a birthday collage full of wishes. But as his eyes scanned carefully, his heart skipped.

"Wait…" he muttered under his breath, zooming closer. *"These aren't just girls… these are boys wishing her."*

A sharp sting ran through his chest. The screen felt heavy in his hand. His mind started racing-boys, wishing her… she's adding them…

He couldn't hold it in. his fingers flew over the keypad.

Ali: *"Seriously? So many boys do you talk to? Who else do you send your pictures to except me?"*
Fatima: *"They are just for streaks… nothing more. I don't talk to them like that."*

But instead of calming him, her words poured fuel on the fire.

Ali: *"Streaks? You think that makes it okay? We promised each other… we agreed to protect our chastity. I lowered my gaze for you, Fatima. I avoid girls, even hide my face in gatherings so I don't see them-just so I could keep my heart clean, only for you. And now this?"*

Silence hung heavy between them. His anger wasn't just jealousy-it was heartbreak, betrayal of a trust they both had vowed to guard.

Later that night, Ali shared his storm with Nehal. His voice cracked as he explained everything.

Ali: *"It's not just about streaks… It's about trust. I can't shake the thought of her sending pics or talking to other boys. It's tearing me apart."*

Nehal listened calmly before putting a hand on his shoulder.

Nehal: *"Bro, I get it. I know it hurts. But listen… she blocked them, didn't she? She saw your pain and cut them off. That means something. She's trying to show you, you're the only one."*

Ali stayed silent, staring at the floor, his chest still tight.

He fought with Nehal, and they both blocked each other, ending their friendship.

A few days later, Fatima opened up with a trembling voice, her eyes moist even over text.

Fatima: *"Because of that fight, I cried a lot… I begged Allah to fix everything between us. I don't want to lose you, Ali. You're all I want."*

Her words reached him, but the scar inside him still ached. It seemed like a simple matter from the outside-just streaks, just a few names on a story. But for Ali, it was a storm. A storm that shook the walls of trust he had built, a storm he feared might never fully pass.

Dream Together: When Souls Dream Together

That night, their chats weren't about the usual laughter, jokes, or teasing. It turned into something deeper-something that felt almost beyond the world.

Ali types slowly, as if each word carried weight:

Ali: *"You know… in my dream, I was seeing you right in front of me as if we were in the same room. You were kissing my cheeks, forehead… and lips."*

Fatima's heart skipped. She smiled shyly at her phone before replying.

Fatima: *"Hehe… really? And then what happened?"*

Ali: *"I don't remember everything else. But I clearly remember when I was comforting you, holding you close, cuddling with you. It felt so real, Fatima. That's why I say… when I woke up, I could still feel it. Like I had actually hugged and kissed you."*

There was a pause before her typing bubble appeared.

Fatima: *"That's not a coincidence… maybe our souls were actually united. What you saw wasn't just a dream-it was real. Our souls were together."*

Ali: *"Yeah, we surely did… Hehe, and when I woke up, I swear it felt like I'd really cuddled you in real life. I still had that sensation in my body. You know what I think? Dreams are real… because when we sleep, our souls leave our bodies. Maybe seeing you in that dream means our souls were cuddling for real."*

Her reply came almost instantly, filled with warmth.

Fatima: *"I believe that too. I just know… it wasn't my room; it wasn't my bed. It felt like somewhere else. Somewhere I was with you."*

Ali closed his eyes, smiling softly at her words.

Ali: *"So maybe it's a sign… our souls are really connected. Maybe it's something that will happen in the future, too. I mean… our souls couldn't wait, so they met without us."*

Fatima: *"Hehe… yeah, I guess our souls craved each other so much that they cuddled-leaving us with the sensations."*

He chuckled, his fingers moving gently across the keypad.

Ali: *"Imagine… two souls sneaking away at night just to feel what we can't in reality. Yours resting against mine, mine holding you safe. And then returning at dawn, leaving us with memories as dreams."*

Her heart melted at his words

Fatima: *"Stop it… You're making me blush. But… I don't mind if our souls do it again. I like the feeling of waking up with your warmth still lingering on me."*

Ali: *"Them let's hope tonight… they meet again."*

And with that, the night didn't just end with goodnights. It ended with a quiet promise of dreams that might not be dreams at all, but stolen moments where their souls lived the love, their bodies still awaited.

Engagement Day

Three nights before the engagement, Ali's heart was restless. A thought had been burning in his mind, one he couldn't ignore any longer. That night, while chatting with Fatima, he finally confessed.

Ali*: "Listen, I was thinking… somehow, we never properly recited the engagement prayers. And that means… all this time, we've been non-mahram."*

The words struck her like thunder. Fatima froze, her chest tightening as tears welled up in her eyes.

Fatima: *"So you mean… we have to restrict our talks? No flirting? Nothing…?"*

Ali: *"Yes… to protect ourselves from sin. What we've already done is enough to repent for. I don't want to risk more."*

On the other side, she was crying silently, clutching her phone, her heart breaking at the thought of distance after all they had shared. But deep down, she knew he was right.

That night, Ali couldn't sleep. He searched through every book he could find, reading pages upon pages of rulings. His eyes burned, but he didn't stop until he found the answer-an online engagement could be done, not for legal papers, but enough to make them mahram in Allah's eyes.

The next day, he carefully wrote the full method down in a notebook. At the academy, he handed it to her, his fingers brushing hers lightly.

Ali: *"Here… I wrote everything. If you agree, we can do this. It won't be legal on paper, but in front of Allah, we'll be a couple. No more haram."*

Her eyes were swollen from the tears she had shed, but now they softened. She nodded gently.

Fatima: *"I agree. More than anything, I just want to be yours… in the purest way."*

And then, in her sweet, shy tone, she whispered something that made his heart melt.

Fatima: *"Hehe… you know, you're the reason I wear my hijab properly now because I know I belong to you, so I must be careful and away from others, and for my dowry… I don't want gold or wealth. I want a Qur'an. Because I love you for your soul, not state."*

Her words carved themselves into his heart forever.

Finally, on 28th April, they sat down, reciting the prayers with sincerity, following the method step by step. When it was done, silence filled the air for a moment, the weight of what they had just done sinking in. Then, slowly, smiles broke across their faces.

Ali*: "Ahmadullah… so this is it. From now on, you're my wife. Officially."*

Fatima: giggling softly, cheeks pink. *"Love you the most and congrats to you too- for being my official hubby."*

They laughed, congratulating each other, then returned to their separate ways with hearts lighter than ever before.

From that day forward, everything changed. No longer bound by the fear of sin, they belonged to each other completely. Ali walked with a new pride in his heart, knowing that Fatima wasn't just his love-she was his wife, and Fatima carried herself with even more grace, proud that her hijab, her modesty, and her love were all for her husband alone.

It wasn't a grand ceremony with lights and music. But it was theirs. Sacred. Pure. And that made it more beautiful than anything else in the world.

May

May had always been just another month in Ali's life, but this year was different. This time, Fatima was in it, and everything about it became special.

From the very start of the month, she was buzzing with excitement. She wanted his birthday to be unforgettable and special. Secretly, she went out of her way to buy him a perfume worth a small care. She imagined the smile on his face when he would unwrap it.

But when she finally told him, his reaction wasn't what she expected.

Ali: *"Why would you spend so much on me, Fatima? You shouldn't put yourself through this… I don't want you making efforts like this, especially when you're already tired."*

The words hit her like a knife. She bit her lip, trying to hold it in, but the tears spilled anyway.

Fatima: *"So you don't even want my gift?"*

He froze, guilt crashing over him. He hadn't meant it that way-but in trying to protect her, he had broken her heart. She cried quietly, and Ali sat there helpless, realizing his mistake.

Soon after, he pulled her close, his voice soft.

Ali: *"I'm sorry, Jaan… I didn't mean it like that. I love whatever you give me, because it's from you. Please don't cry."*

Slowly, she forgave him, and the storm passed. Just like always, love overpowered everything else.

11Th May – The Countdown

One day before his birthday, Fatima was more excited than him. She kept staring at the clock, waiting for midnight.

Fatima: *"Just a few hours left… then finally I can wish my hubby properly and give him his gifts!"*

Her energy was contagious. Ali couldn't help but laugh at how she was counting down like a child waiting for his birthday.

And deep in his heart, he knew-this was one of the best years of his life. Ramadan, Eid, his birthday… everything had become more meaningful because of her presence.

Ali (thinking): *I wish this never ends. I wish to live a long, happy life with her by my side.*

Continue…

After weeks of happiness, one evening they were laughing together, exchanging funny jokes. And then Ali, in a teasing tone, said something that backfired.

Ali: *"Hehe, I don't even like you that much."*

The words were meant to be playful, but Fatima's smile disappeared. She crossed her arms and glared at the screen.

Fatima: *"Oh, really? Fine then. Don't talk to me."*

Ali: *"Aww, Jaan. I was just joking."*

Fatima: *"You don't like me."*

Ali: *"I only love you at night."*

Fatima: *"Huh? Why don't you love me during the day? Why do you always love at night?"*

Although it was playful but she wasn't ready to listen. She turned childish on purpose, ignoring his attempts to lighten the mood.

Ali: *"Okay, fine… how about a head massage? Will my queen forgive me then?"*

She stayed quiet, pretending to be stubborn.

Ali: *"Uff… I love you like this too. Your childish anger, your stubbornness… I can bear it all my life because you're my world."*

Later, when the atmosphere had softened, Ali decided to show her just how much she truly meant to him. He pulled out every little detail he had saved about her- her favorite things, her words, her memories.

Ali: *"See this? Every detail about you… I kept them safe. Do you still think I don't love you enough?"*

Her heart melted. She couldn't stay mad at him anymore.

Fatima: *"You're impossible, Ali. But… you're mine. And that's what matters."*

And just like that, May closed with laughter, love, a few tears, and unforgettable memories. For Ali, it was clear-no matter how small the fights or how big the surprises, Fatima was his everything, and he was ready to spend forever proving it.

June - The Cracks

June started with distance.

Her replies were slow, sometimes hours late, and the silence in between burned more than her words ever could. Ali kept asking himself:

What's happening? Why is she changing?

One night, she was at her relative's home. They were talking, and suddenly she disappeared. Three hours passed with no reply. His mind kept racing:

is she okay? Did something happen?

Finally, near midnight, she texted.

Fatima: *"I fainted. Went to hospital."*

Ali: *"You could've at least informed me… I was worrying too much."*

Instead of calming him, she mocked.

Fatima: *"So what? If I hadn't gone to hospital and talked to you instead, would that be fine?"*

Her words cut deep. He was caring, panicking, praying for her health, but she laughed it off like he was overreacting. He swallowed the pain. He didn't want to fight.

Eid-ul-Azha

Eid-ul-Azha came. Normally, Eid with her meant joy – her asking him about designs, what she should wear, which pics to send. This time it was different.

On Eid night, she put mehndi on her hands. But she didn't ask him nor she wrote his name as she did the previous time, didn't even share a picture. That habit of hers – giving him priority, asking him before everything – was gone.

When he asked her plans, she said:

Fatima: *"I'll just stay home. Maybe go to my friend's home on 3rd Eid."*

That was it. No warmth. No excitement. No Eid wishes. No photos.

He kept noticing every small change, every little distance. She wasn't opening up. When he tried to ask what was wrong all she said was:

Fatima: *"Family problems."*

Nothing more. No details. No explanation.

The silence was unbearable. He kept pushing her to talk, to open up. But maybe his pressure was only driving her further away.

A home that was once hers – his – was now a place she was leaving behind. He kept wondering:

Maybe I never understood her? Maybe she doesn't feel safe with me anymore?

He fell into depression. His happy world was cracking day by day. But even then, he turned to Allah, praying for her health, her peace, her healing.

Another day, during a talk, he told her:

Ali: *"At least tell me your Eid plans. I want to know, I worry."*

She mocked again

Fatima: *"Oh right, I should've just stayed and talked to you instead."*

Her sarcasm pierced through him. But he dismissed it, pretending it was just a joke. Deep down, it left scars.

They had promised to call each other on Eid. Once, she would've been excited, waiting for that call. But this time, she didn't even try.

No call came. No explanation. Just silence.

Days passed. Even texting felt like pulling teeth. He'd write long messages, pouring himself out. She'd reply hours later, sometime with just one line.

He started fighting for his right – the right to be cared for, the right to be loved back the way he was loving her. But that, too, became a mistake. If he stayed quiet, she thought he didn't care. If she spoke up, she said he was pressuring her.

He was stuck in a cycle of confusion and pain.

By the end of June, it felt like he was holding onto something that was slipping away faster than he could grip. She didn't open up despite all his efforts. She was stockpiled under her issues, therapy, depression… but instead of leaning on him, she distanced herself.

And he was left breaking in silence.

That was June. A month of fading words, silences sharper than knives, and love slowly cracking under the weight of unspoken things.

July – Breaking Point

The first weeks of July were full of misunderstandings. Almost every day, they fought. Every little thing turned into chaos, and instead of fixing them, they ended up hurting each other more.

Once, he said out of anger.

Ali: *"I dare you not to text me."*

He said it for himself, thinking maybe she'd understand that he wanted her to prove him wrong. But she took it literally.

Two days passed. No text from her. He waited and waited, thinking she'd break the silence. But nothing. In the end, he had to text her first, just to stop things from getting worse.

When they finally talked, they started opening up. Ali thought her change had begun in June, when she became distant. But then she told him the truth – it started way back in the third month of togetherness, right after the studio ended.

Her words stunned him.

Fatima: *"Your anger… it left marks on my heart. You used to scold me, and even if I said it didn't hurt, it did. I just didn't want to lose you, so I kept it inside."*

Hearing that broke him. All this time, he thought she had changed recently, but the cracks had begun months ago. And he was blind to them. He ignored her when she told him before that his anger hurt her, thinking that she had understood me. He should have changed. He should have controlled himself, but he didn't.

He realized Miss Muniza was right – he had a nature to control things. Maybe unconsciously, he tried to control Fatima, scolding her for her actions, thinking it was love, but instead, he was hurting her. He hurt her like he had hurt others before.

That night, he couldn't stop blaming himself. He prayed to Allah to take away this anger. He swore to himself:

"I'll change for her. I'll control myself. I won't lose her."

21st July

Out of stupidity, he tried to test her. He sent fake snaps of himself walking around with a group of girls, just to see if she'd get jealous. She had once told him:

Fatima: *"I don't get jealous anymore."*

But she did, and instead of it ending as a silly joke, the fight escalated to the point that their Engagement bond was on the edge of breaking.

She was furious.

Fatima: *"Why would you even do that? Do you think this is funny?"*

He panicked. He calmed himself down, swallowed his ego, and begged her to cool down. He knew if they broke today, they'd regret it forever. Ahmadullah, they survived that night, but he knew – one wrong step and everything could be lost.

23rd July

He saw her at the Cafe. From a distance. The moment his eyes fell on her, something inside him lit up. That spark he had been missing for months returned. She looked so stunning that he nearly spilled his shake on himself, completely lost in her beauty. But then the doubts hit him. She was on her phone constantly – texting, snapping, sending pictures of herself. Although Ali didn't receive a single

text or snap. Not one. She was messaging someone, smiling to herself. But when it came to him, her treatment was cold and harsh.

He kept asking himself:

Am I the second option now? Is she playing with me?

The sight of her should have healed him, but instead, it burned him with doubts.

24th July

It happened again. Her mood was off. Ali, disappointed and exhausted, texted her. Instead of making her better, he only made her worse. She ghosted him for over an hour.

He sat there, feeling like a burden. Like, he ruined everyone's happiness. He even thought of leaving her, but he couldn't. her suffering kept him tied.

Later he found out her parents had restricted her since she was misbehaving and was more often on the phone. But for Ali, Fatima was so busy that she ghosted him for hours. *"For what reason was Fatima using the phone, but she was off on her main account then? Where will she be on?"* The doubts hit him again.

She had locked herself inside her room to avoid more chaos. He tried to be supportive:

Ali: *"Stay calm. Try to strengthen your bond with your parents. Don't fight them. I'm here for you."*

But inside, he was drowning too.

26th July

She admitted she was tired and in pain, that she had no patience left. So, Ali decided:

Maybe I should leave her company for a few days. Let her heal. Let me heal.

It wasn't permanent. Just a break because every conversation was turning into a fight – sometimes intentional, sometimes unintentional. Her cold replies still had no explanation, but he told himself to stay strong.

27th July – Ali's Birthday

It was his birthday, but she wasn't there because he had removed her.

In May, she was so excited about his birthday even though that wasn't his original day. She was counting down, setting timers, even when he told her it wasn't important. But this time, things were different. They were unstable, distant.

He didn't even tell her. He didn't want to see her distant reaction and break even more. So, he celebrated alone.

"Happy birthday to me."

27th July – The Red Zone

That day, everything collapsed. While Ali had just returned from gathering, he started texting her. Meanwhile, she was in the kitchen drinking water while her phone was on, left behind on the bed.

Her mom found it. She saw Ali's nickname, read their texts.

She beat Fatima. Told her father too. Now her mom had access to all her accounts. The secrets they kept safe for months were out in the open, and it traumatized her mom.

Ali knew – if he left her now, she would shatter completely. So, he promised himself:

No matter how hard it gets, he'll stay. He'll be her support.

But Ali was sure of himself. Even then, Ali doubted whether she was telling the truth. Since Fatima had lied so much to him, it seemed to be another lie just to have some distance from him. Fatima had disguised her personal male friends as her cousins, and when Ali asked about them. She denied the facts and placed the blame on him to doubt her. After that, Ali had lost trust in her, and it was hard for him to trust every word of Fatima. In Ali's eyes, **she was a liar.**

Before Ashura

Around that time, Ali was hospitalized. Depression had weakened his liver. The doctors told him to take care, but he didn't tell Fatima. She wouldn't care anyway.

She wasn't asking about him. She was even talking unless he texted first. His health didn't matter to her anymore. His words felt like trash – unseen, unheard.

But still, whenever she shared her pain, he provided a shoulder. Even when he needed one himself.

Her cold replies killed him. Her sweet greetings, the way she used to call him with love – all gone. And yet, she treated others with warmth.

One day, an Indian boy even flirted with her, and she sent him her pictures. When Ali asked about it, she went blank. That was the second strike on his trust.

His doubts grew. *"Maybe she had found someone else. Maybe I had lost my value. Maybe I was just a stranger."*

The pain was unbearable. Sometimes, in anger, Ali would cut himself with a knife. It wasn't anger – it was heartbreak. He was holding in months of pain, deprived of the love he once had from her.

Whenever he asked for explanations, she ghosted him or played the victim. Mansoor once told him:

"She's just a kid, maybe you're treating her like an adult."

But he was bleeding inside. His world had fallen apart, and still, despite it all, he loved her too much to let go.

That was July. A month where love was on fire, where secrets were exposed, where I was losing myself piece by piece… but still holding onto her, even when it hurt the most.

August – Collapse

10 August, 10 PM.

He started distancing himself when he found nothing but blank answers from her. Maybe he had lost his value, maybe he had lost his place in her eyes. She didn't see it that way. Instead, she kept saying she had no value in Ali's heart, unaware of the truth – she was the only one who held a place there. There was no room for

anyone else. His heart, his soul, everything he was belonged to her. Yet her actions kept degrading that love.

And Ali kept asking himself the same question over and over:

"Is it worth it to continue in a toxic relationship?"

It began the night she told him she was fed up, that she wanted to end her life. Instead of comforting, he got furious. He fought back. The fight spiraled, voices sharpened, and that night they broke apart. He knew even the slightest change in her could wound him – but he chose to carry on, clinging to the hope that she would return to her old self.

But last night, he saw the worst version of her – arrogant, immature, careless. She told him:

Fatima: *"If you don't know the reason behind something, you should ask."*

But he had asked many times. Every time he asked, he got silence. Blank replies. Cold walls. What was he supposed to do with silence? Of course, he started believing he had no value. That maybe she had left him. Maybe she was playing with his feelings.

Whenever he approached her with his pain, she flipped the script, played the victim. She abandoned her own home for months, left him alone – and he had waited, foolishly, for her return. Now he realized she never intended to come back. She just wanted him hooked, not loved.

She was so confident, so arrogant, because she knew Ali loved her. She knew he wouldn't leave. No matter how she treated him. He lowered his ego, his self-respect, every boundary he had… for her. But she could go days without texting. The girl who once cried for him, who once missed him every minute, could now live without him effortlessly.

One night, she dared him:

"Block me if you can."

So, Ali did

She never knew about the plans he had for her. She never knew how much he had sacrificed, how many proposals he had rejected, how he had said no even to his

father when he suggested marriage to another girl. His dream was her. But her arrogance showed him who he was in her eyes:

Nothing

It didn't matter that she stopped calling him by sweet names.

It didn't matter that she stopped greeting him warmly.

What mattered was communication. And she wouldn't give even that.

He kept wondering:

"Why do I always have to fight just to make her speak?"

That night, she was online for forty minutes, waiting for him to text first. When he finally texted, she ignored him. Everything felt intentional. She even taunted him:

Fatima: *"Even if I treat you right, what will happen? Your marriage is fixed with another girl."*

It wasn't business. It wasn't therapy. It wasn't excuses. It was just carelessness. Just disinterested.

He prayed for her healing for months. He begged Allah to ease her depression, her anxiety. Meanwhile, he was the one collapsing. Stress and anxiety sent him to the hospital, but she didn't care. She didn't even ask if he would survive. His body trembled. His hand shook so badly he couldn't hold a glass of water properly – and she had time for everyone but not him.

Last night, it ended.

Ali told her to block him so he wouldn't return. She refused, saying, *"Do it yourself."* Yet on the other hand, he was already blocked. What kind of game was she playing?

This time, Ali wasn't driven by insecurity. He wasn't fooled. His subconscious mind had been observing everything. Every small change. Every contradiction. Every lie

Even in March, she wrote him a letter saying she didn't know how Ali could detect her tears when even her family couldn't. but the truth was simple:

Observation

He saw through her, he read her like a book, and slowly her lies began to unravel. He had entered this love honestly, never hiding, never faking. But her identity was a mask. She pretended to be someone innocent – and Ali learned the truth too late.

"If she returns someday, I won't continue this online love. I'll make her wait until marriage. If she stays loyal, she'll earn me. If she gets distracted, she can go her own way."

But for now, whispers of fate were collapsing.

12th August – The Final Argument

Against his instincts, he texted her again.

"Let's forget everything." He spoke.

She agreed. But his heart didn't believe her. His friends, Shawn and Mansoor, suggested testing her. They said:

"Text her from an alternate account, flirt a little, see if she would stay loyal."

Ali agreed.

And the truth hit him harder than anything before. She flirted back. She adored the words of a stranger. When Ali asked if she was single or taken, she answered without hesitation:

"Single"

Single.

"Despite being engaged to me"

That night, anger consumed him. He tore her gifts, ripped her letters, and burned them to ashes. He then filmed it and sent it to her. He exposed her. Fatima said nothing. No guilt. No denial. Just silence – and then she blocked him.

And in that silence, Ali finally understood.

Her distance. Her excuses. Her cold replies. Her business.

It was never real. She was never too busy. She just didn't care.

He lowered his standards again and again, begged her to stay, sacrificed everything. For what? For someone who wasn't even worth a single text.

The girl he thought was his world was nothing but a mask. A playgirl. A liar. A stranger.

The end of everything

Narrated by Muhammad

On **12th August,** Ali passed away – the same day she betrayed him. His story ended before he could fulfill his last desire. Ali left behind a message for us:

"A person doesn't deserve your love if you are not getting the same back."

He narrated the statement very wisely. One of them is as follows:

"You know one person who barely gives you attention, but you just can't stop thinking about them. It's not true love. It's just dopamine. This is called Intermittent Reinforcement. And it's the same trick that casinos use. Casinos don't let you win every time. If they did, you'd get bored. Instead, they give you random wins just enough to keep you hooked. Now think about that one person who texts you back sometimes, but not always. Calls you when they feel like. One day they're all in, the other day they disappear. Your brain sees this as a challenge, and you're stuck in a loop. Waiting for a reply so that the next dopamine hits. But you can fix it. See this pattern, and if someone only gives you attention in random doses. It's not love. It's just your brain chasing something shiny."

Ali had always been different. He could read people, read bodies, and he had imagined the day of his end long before it came. He knew the signs. And just as easily as she came into his life when his guards were lowered, as easily she left when he had given everything.

He had planned to propose to her for a real engagement. His parents already knew about her – they were urging him to open up his heart and tell them if he had ever loved someone. But every time someone tried to comfort him, his tears would start rolling down in cheeks and he used to leave the place. I don't know

how much he had gathered within himself. His father once saw the cut marks on his hand and didn't scold him in anger, but in wisdom:

"This is an act of cowardly people. You're a man. Be brave. When you have money, you have everything. Don't ever harm yourself because of a girl. Girls die for you – don't die for a girl."

And his mother – more tender, more hopeful – encouraged him too:

"My son, more than you can imagine, girls will fall for you. If you want one, if you love one, tell us. We will bring her for you. But never lower yourself for anyone."

But Ali always rejected their concerns, keeping the truth hidden, waiting for the right time, waiting for the day when he could reveal her as the one. He carried that secret close to his heart, burning quietly, loving silently.

On **11th August,** he asked her one last time if she wanted to renew the engagement – a symbolic acceptance of him as her life partner. But she met his question with only indifference. *"Why?"* she asked, no warmth in her reply. He asked again. Then again. By the third time, he gave up.

Her cold response shook him into reality. It broke the last sting of hope that held him. The truth was clear:

"The one he had dreamed of making his life forever didn't see forever with him."

Ali had prepared a proposal, a plan, a future – but fate had already written another ending. Fate showed him the reality he never wanted to face. Fatima went her way, perhaps to find happiness with someone else, and Ali… he went his – to the silence of the grave.

May he rest in peace.

He couldn't complete his last desire. He could not wear the crown of her acceptance. But he left us with a truth:

"Live isn't by force. If someone is happy without you, let them be."

And thus, the story ends.

The End

Moral of the Whisper of Fate

The story of Ali teaches us that love, no matter how deeply felt, cannot survive on one side alone. He gave his heart, his plans, and his future, but love is not a burden to be carried by one. It must be mutual. His pain shows us that no dream – not even love – should cost us our own life, our own worth.

Fate whispers in strange ways: it begins sweet, makes you believe in forever, and then ends in silence and pain. Ali's journey is a reminder that:

- Don't give your soul to someone who doesn't hold yours in return.
- Don't harm yourself for love; the right love will never demand your destruction.
- Sometimes rejection is protection – God saves you from those who were never meant to walk your eternity with you.

Ali's last message remains eternal:

"If someone is happy with you, let them be. Your peace is not in their hands but in god's."